Heart full of Iron: Gettysburg

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Chapter 1 by Zack Dillon

Walking. Walking. It seemed we were always god damn walking. General Dawes always wanted to walk. We'd been walking for two and a half days now. We were walking to Gettysburg, PA. It's just a small farm town, with its only significance being a road system like a wagon wheel. My name is Private John D. Montgomery. I was part of the Iron Brigade. Had been for several months. I was born and raised in Madison, Wisconsin. And as I was of age, I joined up with the 6th Wisconsin Infantry, which formed up with Indiana and Michigan to make the Iron Brigade.

Our scout had just come back. "Colonel Dawes," one proclaimed. "We've got them damn confederates 'bout a mile down yonder."
"How many?" Dawes asked. The scout looked nervous. "I don't know sir, um.. Well sir, I'd say they just 'bout outnumber us two, maybe three to one, sir."Good," added Dawes. "This should be easy."

It was about 9:45 in the morning. we marched down to where the scout had said they would be. We marched for minutes more, but then we saw flashes of grey through the trees. Confederates. Dawes shouted with a rage that was beast-like. We charged. We caught them by

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corporal was shot dead going for the rebel flag. Private Anderson, whom I had known for as long as I'd been in the army, bashed in the skull of the rebel who done it. We surrounded the rebels. There was a roaring silence. Dawes shouted "Throw down your muskets!" to the rebels.

We'd fallen back to Cemetary ridge by nightfall to fortify ourselves, and plan our attack for the next day.

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